

# Our Aunt From California

*A FARCE IN ONE ACT,*

*By Madalene Demarest Barnum*

NOTICE—*Permission is not required for the production  
of this play.*



Samuel French

PS3503  
.A624  
08  
1903x

## OH, PROMISE ME

Farce. 3 acts. By Pete Williams. 4 males, 8 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

Barry Hollis has come into a fortune. His youthful escapades have won him a reputation as a playboy, but he is resolved to settle down now. On the train back from Princeton, he meets and falls immediately in love with Gladys Vance. He persuades his aunt to invite her for a visit. Another note goes to Patsie Linder, a hard-boiled little dancer and an old flame of Barry's, asking her to send back his frat pin. Alas, the notes get mixed! Patsie arrives and threatens a breach of promise suit unless Barry marries her immediately. Then Barry has a bright idea: He couldn't possibly marry Patsie if he had a wife and family already. So he gets Ann Furber, the butler's daughter, to pretend to be his wife and "borrows" a strange baby. Into this situation marches Gladys. Then, to top this, he is informed that his estate has dwindled to almost nothing, and all his girl-friends desert him—that is, all except one.

(Budget Play.) Price, 75 cents.

## MUMBO-JUMBO

Mystery-farce. 3 acts. By Jack Barnard. 8 males, 8 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

*Mumbo-Jumbo* is a gay, modern mystery farce, crammed with action, loaded with laughs. Dick and Pee-wee, two college boys, arrive at Dick's uncle's house in the country on some mysterious mission. At wit's end, needing cash in a hurry, they decide upon the desperate plan of turning the place into a country hotel. They hang out a sign on the state highway, and as the night is a dark and stormy one, they soon have a houseful of ill-assorted guests. That night a murder is committed, and one of the guests is slain. The Sheriff of Milburn arrives to take charge of the investigation; so does Miss Emma, the Sheriff of Hopetown. For the house is built on the county line which bisects the living room, placing the evidence in one county, and the corpse in the other. You can imagine the consternation and rigmarole of the law. So involved does it become that Dick has to take over, and with the help of ten-year-old Daisy finally solves the crime.

(Budget Play.) Price, 75 cents.

# Our Aunt From California

*A FARCE IN ONE ACT,*

*By Madalene Demarest Barnum*

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

SAMUEL FRENCH  
25 WEST 45TH ST., NEW YORK CITY  
7623 SUNSET BLVD.    HOLLYWOOD  
LONDON            TORONTO

PS3503  
.A624  
08  
1903x

## OUR AUNT FROM CALIFORNIA.

---

### Dramatis Personæ.

FELICIA NEEDEY }  
ROSALIE NEEDEY } Sisters.  
SALLY NEEDEY }

MRS. NEEDEY, their mother.

MISS WILCOXNGIBS. their dressmaker.

MRS. MERRY MUNTOBURN, their Aunt from California.

# OUR AUNT FROM CALIFORNIA.

---

SCENE.—*Sitting-room of the home of the NEEDEYS, showing dull colors, sad pictures, dry-looking books about. MISS FELICIA NEEDEY is seated, weeping. She is thin, spectacled, severely dressed. She holds a large book marked "Milton."* MISS ROSALIE NEEDEY is reclining, asleep in an easy chair. She has a plump figure, clad in a lounging wrapper, her hair is in curl-papers, and in her lap are some fashion papers.

(ROSALIE wakes.)

ROSALIE. What's the matter, Felicia?

FELICIA. This. (*holds up book*)

ROSALIE. Only a book! I think it is ridiculous the way you go on about books. What is affecting you now?

FELICIA. I'm reading "Il Penseroso." It's so sad. (*boo-hoos violently*)

ROSALIE. (*yawning*) Did Sally say what was going to be for lunch?

FELICIA. (*still crying*) I think she said "fried oysters," but just listen to this, sister——

"Hence vain deluding joys,  
Hail divinest Melancholy! ~"

Ah! Milton knew exactly how I feel.

ROSALIE. (*looking over fashion papers*) Excuse me, Felicia; since Sally is going to have the dressmaker today, I might as well consult her about my new gown. I've got to have something to wear to the performance of "The Rivals" by the Amateur Dramatic Society. They wanted me to take a part. (*laughs and yawns*) Too much like work. Sally is to be Mrs. Malaprop. Did you know that, Felicia?

FELICIA. (*scornfully*) Mrs. Malaprop! Oh, yes, I know. I wish I could interest Sally in higher literature.



ROSALIE. Well, it's lucky that Sally isn't always buried in doleful books, like you, or who would look after the house, now that mother is away? I haven't the energy. But if grandfather is better, mother will be coming home soon now.

FELICIA. Mother's letter said he was better, but we must always expect the worst, you know.

ROSALIE. Oh, I can't find any pattern that pleases me. I'll get Sally to design something. (*settles down for another nap*)

FELICIA. Where did you say Sally went?

ROSALIE. To engage a dressmaker to make her costumes for Mrs. Malaprop.

FELICIA. Such frivolity!

(*Postman's whistle, knock at the door, maid brings in letter to FELICIA.*)

FELICIA. From Tarrytown! Rosalie, wake up. Here's a letter from mother.

ROSALIE. (*sits up*) Is she coming home?

FELICIA. (*reads*) "Dear Girls:—Here is a piece of news for you. You are about to receive a visit from your rich Aunt Merry—Mrs. Muntoburn. Probably none of you remember her, as she has lived in California since you were little girls. I regret very much that your grandfather is not well enough for me to come home yet, and you will have to receive her without me. Of course, I am anxious that all my daughters shall do credit to their bringing up. You will try, I know; especially when I tell you that your aunt intends to invite one of you to accompany her on a trip to Europe. She will decide which one when she has made your acquaintance.

Your aunt's chief characteristic is the love of a joke. Nothing delights her more than life and high spirits and hearty laughter, but she hates a long face. See to it now, Felicia, that you do not bore her with humdrum conversation; Rosalie, that you shake off your indolence; and Sally, that you are not too busy with your theatrical performance to bestow every attention on your aunt from California. Yours lovingly, Mother."

FELICIA. A trip to Europe! Oh, think of visiting the grave of Browning, the tomb of Shakespeare, and the church-yard that Gray wrote his elegy in.

ROSALIE. A trip to Europe! With my rich Aunt Muntoburn! Luxurious steamers! Best hotels! Elegant

menus! Paris fashions! And escape from all kinds of work! Oh! But she'll take only one of us.

FELICIA. Oh, that she would take me!

ROSALIE. What was it mother said about her tastes?

*(Both seize letter and mutter "fond of fun," "hates long face," etc.)*

FELICIA. Oh, here's a postscript,—“Your aunt will arrive on Friday, the 16th, about 11 A.M. Good gracious! This morning!

ROSALIE. It's ten o'clock now.

*(They walk apart in thought.)*

FELICIA. *(to herself)* I believe it is wise for me to stoop my intelligence to the study of pleasing my aunt. What method shall I pursue?

ROSALIE. *(to herself)* If there is anything worth exerting myself for, it is a trip to Europe. How to set about it!

FELICIA. A thought occurs! The furnishing of this room, dictated by my cultured taste, would not, I fear, appeal to a jovial person. *(exit)*

ROSALIE. Felicia won't stand a chance. Those books of hers will betray her serious' mind. Her name is in every one. I'll just leave a few open at the title page. By the way, that gives me an idea. *(exit with hat)*

*(Enter FELICIA, arms full of gay sofa pillows, comic statuette, bright posters, etc.)*

FELICIA. I procured these from Sally's room. I can just mention to aunt that I put them here.

*(Enter ROSALIE, with roll of papers.)*

ROSALIE. Ho! Those won't do you any good. Sally will say they're hers. Now, I just slipped to the corner newsstand and bought these. *(unrolls comic weeklies)* I'll write my name on each, and they'll make a contrast to yours on the center table.

FELICIA. Oh, no. Mine are going to be temporarily out of sight. *(hides her books under the table, replaces them with some of SALLY'S)*

ROSALIE. Felicia, would you say I had a hearty laugh?

FELICIA. I don't know. Let me hear you laugh.

ROSALIE. (*forces an artificial laugh*) Dear! That's dreadful! Let's hear you Felicia.

FELICIA. I can't laugh at absolutely nothing.

ROSALIE. Well, I'll read you a joke, then. Here's a short one. (*reads from comic paper*) A Scotchman met an Irishman and accosted him with "Hoot, mon!" to which Pat replied, "Go on wid yes. D'yes take me for an owl?"

(*Both laugh weakly, the sound dies away, and they groan together, as SALLY enters with bundle.*)

SALLY. Girls, I've got a fine rig for Mrs. Malaprop— (*stares in amazement*) What in the world!

FELICIA and ROSALIE. (*alternately*) Oh, Sally! Who do you think is coming this very morning? Our aunt from California! Mrs. Merry Muntoburn! We fixed up these things to try and please her? Mamma writes that she's a humorist. Hates a long face. Dotes on jokes and high spirits.

SALLY. (*stares at them*) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ROSALIE. You won't be able to laugh like that when you hear all that depends on it.

FELICIA. No, she is going to take one of us to Europe. She wishes to make our acquaintance, so as to decide which pleases her best.

SALLY. A trip to Europe! Oh, I've been dying to go ever since I visited the midway at the Pan-American. Oh, fun alive! But, of course, she won't take me. Plain Sally will stand no chance beside the cultured Felicia or the fashionable Rosalie. (*courtesies to FELICIA and gives ROSALIE a hug*) But, let me see the letter (*reads*) "'m—'m—'m— And Sally, see that you are not too busy over your theatrical performance to bestow every attention on your aunt." Oh, goodness! And I have so much to do to-day. The dressmaker is coming.

ROSALIE. Why didn't you get something ready-made at the costumers and save yourself trouble?

SALLY. I did get something ready-made. Here it is. It's lovely, too. But it doesn't quite fit, and the dressmaker is coming to alter it. I'll show you. (*starts to undo bundle*)

FELICIA. Sally, I beg of you, don't undo that now. What dressmaker did you yet, Mrs. Flim?

SALLY. No, Mrs. Flim couldn't come herself, but she said she would send one of her assistants around as soon as possible.

FELICIA. Go back at once and countermand that order.



It won't do to have a dressmaker cluttering up the place when we are entertaining our aunt from California.

SALLY. Well, I'll do that, sister. But, say! I want to ask you, Felicia, if you will lend me your lorgnette, and you, Rosalie, if you will lend me your brooch and your jeweled fan to complete my costume as Mrs. Malaprop. I won't hurt them a mite. Please say yes.

FELICIA. Impossible, Sally, I can't spare it. I use my lorgnette constantly myself.

ROSALIE. My brooch and fan! No, indeed. They are both too valuable.

SALLY. Oh, dear! I wanted them so. But, mercy! I must take some time to-day to rehearse the part of Mrs. Malaprop. Felicia, it wants a half-hour yet to eleven. Won't you please hear me rehearse my lines?

FELICIA. I really can't, Sally. I'm too busy. (*exit, studying comic paper*)

SALLY. Rosalie, won't you?

ROSALIE. With only a half-hour to get dressed? You'll have to excuse me. (*exit*)

SALLY. (*ruefully*) I suppose I can be rehearsing to myself on the way to the dressmakers. (*takes up hat*)

(*Knock on door. Maid presents telegram.*)

What's this? A telegram! To the Misses Needey. Hope nothing's happened to mother! (*reads*) Here's a joke. 'Visit postponed. Do not expect me. Mrs. Merry Munto-burn.' And the girls have taken all this trouble for nothing. (*laughs over comic articles*) Well, I won't have to put off the dressmaking then. Let's see what needs doing. (*undoes bundle and holds up things*) This goes here, and this here. Wonder how I'll look. I don't believe anyone will know me. Say! How would it be to make up now and try and pass off on the girls as Aunt Merry? I wonder if I could! They have refused every time to look at my costume or hear me rehearse I'll try it. It will be a huge joke on my sisters if they don't know me. (*puts on disguise*) It will be good practice for me, too, in preparation for Mrs. Malaprop. Now, I'm ready.

(*Enter FELICIA, carrying lorgnette.*)

FELICIA. Sally, if you don't hurry off to that dressmaker's— Oh, I beg your pardon.

SALLY. I presume I have the pleasure of addressing one of the Misses Needey? Behold in me Mrs. Munto-

burn. Your Aunt Merry, child. Did not your mother write you I was coming?

FELICIA. Oh, is this Aunt Merry? Yes, certainly she did. How do you do? The maid did not announce you. You are very welcome, I'm sure.

SALLY. Just turn about so as to face the light, my dear, and see if I can recognize you from your photograph. No, I think not. You are Rosalie?

FELICIA. No, I'm Felicia.

(Enter ROSALIE, dressed up with brooch conspicuous on breast. Not seeing SALLY.)

ROSALIE. Oh, how I dread the visit of this awful aunt!

FELICIA. (*horrified*) Rosalie! Here is Aunt Merry.

ROSALIE. (*stammering*) Oh—how do you do, Aunt Merry?

SALLY. You'll have to speak louder, my dear. I haven't heard a word you said. I do not always hear with the perspicuity of younger ears. Observe, young ladies, I do not say I am deaf, but merely that an occasional sentence, if not clear and extinct, I find alludes me.

ROSALIE. (*aside*) Lucky escape! I thought my chance of seeing Europe was "extinct." (*aloud*) You don't know how we've been looking forward to your coming, Aunt Merry.

FELICIA. We've heard that you are such a joker. Humor is what I particularly admire.

ROSALIE. And so do I.

SALLY. I am by no means a humorist myself. But in youth I always commend plenty of hilarity and vivisection. But do not misreprehend me. There is a decorum in these matters I would on no account have a young woman continually divulging herself in piebald laughter and loud halloo-cinations. But that she should have a natural, copious fund of merriment is imminently fitting. Where is the other young woman, Sally?

FELICIA. She was obliged to transact some business with the dressmaker this morning. But she'll be right back.

SALLY. I am told that she looks like me. Does she?

ROSALIE. Yes, I think she does, a good deal.

SALLY. Ahem! Is she good-looking?

ROSALIE. Sally? Oh, no, not ver—that is, not very good-looking compared to you, Aunt Merry.

SALLY. Well, I must say I am not flattered—by her

absence this morning on a trumpery dressmaking errand when she had every reason to prognosticate my coming (*tosses her head and unsettles her wig, tries in vain to adjust it securely*) After my journey, my coiffure seems to be a little deranged.

FELICIA. Wouldn't you like to step up-stairs and have the conveniences of my toilet table?

ROSALIE. Oh, use mine, Aunt Merry. (*exit ali*)

(*Maid ushers in MRS. MERRY MUNTObURN.*)

MRS. M. Just say a lady to see the Misses Needey. (*exit maid*) No one in readiness to receive me. I have taken them by surprise after all, as sure as my name is Merry Muntoburn. I was provoked this morning to receive a letter from their mother, saying that in spite of my express injunction to the contrary, she had written to apprise them of my visit. Said otherwise they might not be at home. She wanted me to see them wearing their best company manners. I wanted to take them unawares. And evidently, thanks to my foxy little telegram, I am to have my way. I think I will try for a while to prevent their knowing who I am. It will give me a better opportunity to judge of their real characters before selecting a companion for my European trip. And I do so enjoy a little intrigue.

(*Enter SALLY, in haste, going toward the sewing basket.*)

SALLY. I had hard work to slip away from them. If I don't get this fixed—— (*sees Mrs. M.*) Oh, you are the dressmaker sent by Mrs. Flim, aren't you?

MRS. M. I just came.

SALLY. Well, here, just take a stitch or two in my dress. It is ripping on account of being too small. See?

MRS. M. (*aside*) Who in the world can this be? I wonder if I am in the right house. (*aloud*) Are any of the Misses Needey at home?

SALLY. Oh, yes, they're all home. I mean, no. That is two of them are. I know it was Miss Sally Needey who engaged you. But she's out. She'll be right back. You just do this for me quickly. It'll be all right. I'm her aunt, her rich aunt from California, Mrs. Merry Muntoburn.

MRS. M. W-ha-a-at?

SALLY. Yes, I'm on here to size 'em up. I'm going to take my pick of them for a trip to Europe. (*laughs*)

MRS. M. You are! (*drops scissors in amazement*)



SALLY. (*aside*) Wonder if she knows me. I have never set eyes on her before. (*aloud*) You seem disturbed. Is anything the matter, I'd like to know?

MRS. M. (*starting to repair dress*) Oh, no. Nothing at all. (*aside*) I must be dreaming. I'll keep mum till I fathom this.

(*Enter FELICIA and ROSALIE.*)

ROSALIE. Oh, here you are, Aunt Merry?

FELICIA. We didn't know where you were.

(*MRS. M. starts forward to respond, but perceives that that they address SALLY.*)

SALLY. My gown ripped, and I came for the sewing basket, but your dressmaker kindly repaired the rent.

FELICIA. Dressmaker?—Oh—— (*sees Mrs. M.*) Why, Miss Sally has just gone to see you to make other arrangements. I don't know how you missed her. But you'll probably miss her again if you return now. She will surely hurry back to meet Aunt Merry. Perhaps you had better just sit down and wait until Miss Sally comes.

MRS. M. Thank you, I will. (*aside*) And keep an eye on that outrageous impostor.

SALLY. I see there is a proficiency of books about here. (*picks up gaily-bound volumes and reads from backs*) "Mark Twain" "Three Men in a Boat," "Fables in Slang."

FELICIA. I'm responsible for the presence of those delightful works, Aunt Merry.

SALLY. Very proper. All the Muntoburns are devoted to that kind of reading. (*MRS. M. opens her eyes*) But don't I see some other big books partially congealed by the table cover? (*takes big book from under table*)

FELICIA. (*aside*) Oh, my most precious volume!

SALLY. (*reads from fly-leaf*) "Felicia K. Needey." What book is this, Felicia?

FELICIA. It is a book of daily readings entitled, "Selected Extracts from Browning, Macaulay, Blackstone, and Herbert Spencer."

SALLY. What! Shocking! Such reading does not become a young woman. I fear you are over-educated. I'm not. I don't believe in it. None of the Muntoburns ever went to school after they were ten.

MRS. M. On the contrary—hem—hem—hem!

SALLY. Who prescribes for these comic papers?



ROSALIE. Those are mine. I don't care for serious works, Aunt Merry.

SALLY. Eh? What's that? You don't care for work? Then just step up-stairs and get me a lozenge if you please. And kindly move with more celebrity or I may cough before you return back.

(Exit ROSALIE.)

Dr. Muntoburn often says, "Merry, be careful not to cough, as you are very pliable to jar your diagram." (turns suddenly and catches FELICIA fondling "Selected Extracts.") Felicia, will you kindly put that book out of sight. I have a perfect anticipation against it. They say it was just such a book as that that was thrown at an ancestor of the Muntoburns by an angry schoolmaster. It hit him right on the frontal globe of the antipellum, and that is why ever since the Muntoburns have all been born cross-eyed.

MRS. M. (aside) Well, of all things!

FELICIA. I have heard that the Muntoburn ancestry can boast many brave and gallant soldiers.

SALLY. Far from it, the Muntoburns have always been above soldiering. A man once called your uncle "Colonel" Muntoburn. Your uncle sued him for definition of character. Please do not again connect the name of Muntoburn with vulgar clanking soldiers. None of the family ever went to war except one, and he was grafted.

(SALLY'S yarns about the MUNTObURN family produce a lively effect on MRS. M.)

FELICIA. (aside) I am unfortunate in every attempt to please her.

(Enter ROSALIE, breathless. Gives SALLY lozenge. About to take easy chair, is forestalled by SALLY.)

SALLY. (with slight motion to rise) You weren't going to take this chair, were you?

ROSALIE. Oh, no.

SALLY. (smiling on ROSALIE) I like to see a young woman so sprightly and active. Activity is a prominent trait in the Muntoburn family. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Lot Muntoburn, though over ninety, never descends the

stairs except by sliding down the banisters.

MRS. M. (*aside*) I can hardly control my indignation.

SALLY. After so much comical reading, girls, you must know many amusing stories. Can you commemorate one to tell me now?

FELICIA. Oh, I know a very amusing anecdote, aunt.

SALLY. Let's have it. Nothing would please me better. The Muntoburns are collaborated for their sense of humor.

FELICIA. It was an incident in which a Scotchman encountered an Irishman, and the Scotchman uttered the national phrase, "Hoot, mon," and the Irishman responded by asking if he (the Scotchman) was expecting him (the Irishman) to give an imitation of the familiar cry of an owl. (*pause*)

SALLY. (*with polite interest*) And then what did the Scotchman say?

FELICIA. Oh—that's all—or—you see—the Irishman understood him to have reference to an owl.

SALLY. It's not at all surprising that he did. No one expects an Irishman to reprehend the localisms of Scottish determinology.

MRS. M. (*aside*) And that's the Muntoburn's sense of humor!

SALLY. Where did you get that story? In here? (*takes up comic paper*) I think there must be more to it.—Oh, I can hardly read this print. I left my reading glasses in the train. Just give me that lorgnette of yours, Felicia, lorgnettes do not become a young woman.

FELICIA. You're welcome to it, Aunt Merry.

SALLY. (*using lorgnette*) Ah, this is better. (*aside, mimicking FELICIA*) "Impossible, Sally, I can't spare it." Oh, this is rich! I'll get the brooch and fan, too.

MRS. M. (*aside*) That lorgnette is an article of value!

SALLY. (*reads*) Hum—Yes, it is as you told it.—My neck-gear here will not stay in place. Just give me that brooch, Rosalie. You don't need it there. This wearing of brooches at one side where they serve no unitarian purpose does not become a young woman. Thank you, I'm sure.

MRS. M. (*aside*) That brooch is worth fifty dollars! That woman is a thief! I see it all. Having heard in some way that I was coming, she effected entrance here by impersonating me. Oh, what shall I do?

SALLY. Let me see this music here. Oh,—coon songs How does this one go?

ROSALIE. I don't know, Aunt Merry. (*maliciously*) Felicia put them there.

SALLY. (*with approving smile at FELICIA*) That shows a healthy, youthful taste. The Muntoburns often rise at five o'clock in the morning to sing coon songs.

FELICIA. Yes, I dote upon them. They are so enlivening.

SALLY. Well, sing one for me.

FELICIA. Oh, please excuse——

SALLY. Tut—tut! Don't infect modesty. A Muntoburn abhors stimulated intimidation.

ROSALIE. (*aside to FELICIA*) Think of Europe, Felicia. Better try it. (*aside*) I know Felicia can't do it.

FELICIA. (*aside*) I have heard Sally sing it so often, I believe I know it.

SALLY. Come, begin at once. As a member of the Muntoburn family, instant compliance is what I'm accomplished to.

FELICIA. Very well, I'll try. (*sings*)

SALLY. (*aside, covertly laughing*) Oh, think of getting Felicia to sing a coon song! (*interrupts*) Louder! Louder! (*FELICIA sings louder*) Rosalie, come girl, get up and dance to that chorus.

ROSALIE. Dance! Oh, I don't know how.

SALLY. I'll teach you. Stand by me. (*dances a few grotesque steps*) Do that. (*ROSALIE tries*) Jump more. Jump higher, Rosalie.

ROSALIE. (*stopping, exhausted*) I can't dance any more. I'm not used to dancing that way.

SALLY. Why not, I'd like to know. That is the proper way. The Muntoburns are leaders in California society. They all dance that way. The higher you jump, the more fashionable you are considered. Many a time I have seen Dr. Muntoburn in the dance bump his head against the chancelier. And though I don't wish to boast, it is a common saying in San Francisco's upper circles that Mrs. Merry Muntoburn dances like a kangaroo.

MRS. M. Indeed! (*girls look at her in surprise*)

SALLY. Oh, I'm warm, Rosalie, didn't you have a jewelled fan up-stairs? Run and get it.

(*ROSALIE exit, and returns with fan, which she puts on the table. Knock at the door. FELICIA opens. Enter MISS WILCOXNGIBS.*)

Miss W. Is Miss Sally Needey here? She engaged a dressmaker from Mrs. Flim's establishment to sew for her this morning.

FELICIA. We know that she did. The dressmaker is here. (*indicating MRS. M.*)



MISS W. I'm the dressmaker. Mrs. Flim just sent me around. She couldn't spare me any earlier.

MRS. M. (*aside*) What shall I do? If I say who I am now, I fear they won't believe me. (*aloud*) Miss Sally said she wished to hurry her work and would engage two of us.

SALLY. Oh, no! I never—can believe a niece of mine would be so extravagant. (*aside*) I don't understand this.

MRS. M. (*aside to Miss W., giving her money*) Back me up. It's all right. Only a joke.

MISS W. Oh, yes, I remember now. Miss Sally was at the office twice. The first time she engaged this lady, and then she came back and engaged me also in addition.

ROSALIE. Why, that can't be! She went back a second time to countermand her first order, and arrange to have her work done at Mrs. Flim's.

SALLY. (*aside*) That second girl is lying. The first has acted suspiciously from the beginning. What if they are sneak thieves! They are evidently in league. I'll keep my eye upon them till they leave.

FELICIA. We expect Miss Sally back every minute.

MRS. M. We'll wait until she comes.

ROSALIE. (*to FELICIA*) I know Sally never engaged two dressmakers just to alter that costume. We had better send them back. Otherwise they will perhaps expect Sally to pay for their wasted time.

FELICIA. (*to MRS. M. and MISS W.*) Ladies, there is some mistake, I know. You had better not wait. I take all responsibility in the matter.

MISS W. Very well.

MRS. M. (*aside*) What shall I do? I can't leave those unsuspecting girls at the mercy of that bold swindler. (*aloud*) I think I ought to wait. Miss Sally's last words to me were, "If I should not be at home, don't fail to wait till I come."

SALLY. (*aside*) Oh, I said nothing of the sort! She's a burglar! I know she's a burglar!

FELICIA. (*to MRS. M.*) That may be, but I am Miss Needy, and I request you not to wait.

MRS. M. Very well, then. (*puts on hat—aside*) I'll fly for a policeman. My only fear is she may escape while I'm gone, with that brooch on. (*sees jewelled fan on the table*) She shan't take this anyhow. (*slips fan into her muff*)

SALLY. (*pouncing on her*) Thieves, thieves! Put that back! I knew they were thieves! I just saw thi



one take your fan, Rosalie. She has it in her muff.  
(forces MRS. M. to disclose fan)

MISS W. Oh, I'm no thief! I had nothing to do with it. She gave me this five dollars when I came in, to back her up in pretending she was from Mrs. Flim's, too. I thought it was some joke.

MRS. M. Girls, listen to me! She's the thief. (pointing to SALLY) I'm not a thief——

SALLY. Oh, no, of course not, with that fan in her muff.

FELICIA. I'll run for the police! Hold her, Aunt Merry.

MRS. M. Listen a moment! She's not your aunt at all——

(Enter MRS. NEEDEY.)

ROSALIE and FELICIA. Mother!

FELICIA. Oh, mother, we've caught a thief here!

MRS. M. Sister! This woman is a burglar!

SALLY. This woman just tried to rob us.

MRS. N. Why, Sister Merry! What does this mean? Who is this?

(MRS. M., struggling to free herself, knocks off SALLY's wig.)

Sally!!! What are you doing to your Aunt Merry?

MRS. M. Sally!

SALLY. Aunt Merry!

ROSALIE and FELICIA. Sally! Aunt Merry!

MRS. N. Your grandfather recovered so fast that I was able to come home in time, thank goodness, to prevent your haling your aunt to the police station. Sally, are you at the bottom of this?

SALLY. I thought Aunt Merry wasn't coming, so I dressed up just for a trick on the girls.

ROSALIE and FELICIA. And we took Aunt Merry for a dressmaker!

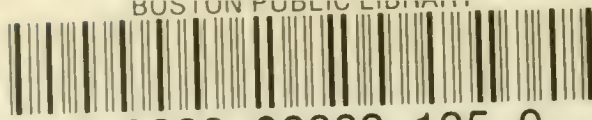
SALLY. And I took her for a thief.

MRS. N. Well, you had better ask her pardon.

ROSALIE. We beg you to forgive us, Aunt Merry.

FELICIA. We wouldn't for the world have treated you with discourtesy.

MRS. M. (starting to laugh) Well, I certainly appreciate the pains you were at to gratify my tastes. (sternly) But, as for Miss Sally! (looks at crestfallen SALLY and gives way to laughter) It is true that I am a



16

3 9999 03239 125 0

lover of jokes. Your impersonation of me in my presence is the best joke I have ever heard. Sally, will you go with me to Europe?

SALLY. Oh, Aunt Merry!

MISS W. Well, shall I stay and alter that costume, or return to Mrs. Flim's?

CURTAIN.

## PIGTAILS

Comedy. 3 acts. By Wilbur Braun. 4 males, 8 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Campbell live in a small town near a smart summer resort with their two grown daughters, Annabelle and Florabelle, and their son Kenyon, a would be song writer. Mr. Campbell's closest pal, a man named Brooks, dies and leaves a daughter nicknamed *Pigtails* on a ranch in Montana. Mr. Campbell invites Pigtails to come East and make her home with his family. When Pigtails arrives, Mrs. Campbell is horrified, but Pigtails remains. When Mr. Campbell's business burns to the ground and he discovers that his insurance policy has lapsed and that he is ruined financially, it is Pigtails who steps in to help. But in spite of our heroine's efforts to establish Mr. Campbell in business again she flops dismally. Just before the final curtain good luck crowns her efforts unexpectedly and in a series of screamingly funny episodes she manages to put her benefactor back on his feet and is started on the road to fame herself.

(Budget Play.) Price, 75 cents.

## LAUGHING GAS

Farce. 3 acts. By Charles D. Whitman. 4 males, 7 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

Penny and Vivian Whitman decide to spend their summer vacation in New York with Aunt Amy as chaperon. In Greenwich Village they become involved in a fantastically funny plot. The girls meet Mrs. Merlino, the Italian landlady; Olga, a Swedish maid; Chris Wynn, a mystery story writer; Paul Van Doren, a radio actor; Flavia Winterpear, a surrealist poet; Kitty Doe, a Broadway chorus girl; and others. But—hardly any of these people are what they appear to be at first sight! Some of them—and the audience is never quite sure which—are members of a notorious gang of jewel thieves who have purloined the famous Bauer necklace and hidden it in the apartment which the girls unknowingly rent. In two hours occur, among other things, the following: the girls make a most amazing discovery in their clothes closet; Aunt Amy loses her voice; Penny vanishes; Flavia composes several "surrealistic" poems; the necklace appears and disappears again—and finally, the case is solved.

(Budget Play.) Price, 75 cents.



## TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE

Comedy-drama. 3 acts By Ned Albert. 4 males, 8 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

The entire action of the play takes place in the living room of the Middleton family on a plantation in Kentucky. Here Joshua Middleton and his wife, Nancy, live with their two daughters, Julia, whom Joshua has nicknamed Tempest because of her fiery nature, and Fanny, whom he calls Sunshine because she is so sweet and lovable. When young Dick Wilmot comes to Kentucky to teach school he is inclined to like Sunshine. But Tempest makes up her mind to attract his attention and does so. Sunshine doesn't care for Dick except as a friend and Tempest exerts all her force and succeeds in winning a proposal from young Wilmot. Suddenly there arrives upon the scene a handsome young physician from New Orleans named George Lacey. Dr. Lacey is attracted by Sunshine's beauty and innocence and he falls in love with her and proposes. Tempest loses all interest in young Wilmot and falls desperately in love with Dr. Lacey. How she manages to make Dr. Lacey think that Sunshine is in love with Dick Wilmot, how she contrives to make Sunshine think that Dr. Lacey is fickle, how she tricks the doctor into a proposal of marriage are all shown with great dramatic effect. But Sunshine wins Dr. Lacey for her husband and the play ends with the two sisters reconciled, thereby pointing a fine moral. (When ordering, please state author's name.)

(Budget Play.) Price, 75 cents.

## LENA RIVERS

Comedy-drama. 3 acts. By Ned Albert. 6 males, 7 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

The story deals with the plight of young Lena Rivers and her beloved Granny Nichols who are compelled to leave their New England home and seek refuge with Granny's son, John, who has changed the family name of Nichols to Livingstone because of the social aspirations of his dominating wife Matilda. Durward Bellmont, whom Mrs. Livingstone plans to marry to her daughter Caroline, becomes enamored of Lena. The younger Livingstone daughter, Anna, and her brother, John Junior, become Lena's firm friends and champion her cause. In the last act when it looks as though Lena were going to lose Durward, Fate steps in and proves our heroine's sterling character and the denouement at the end of the play is startling indeed.

(Budget Play.) Price, 75 cents.